



## Hunted by 93BNMill

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**Summary:** Eleven flees, knowing she is being hunted. Yet every prey knows a singular truth: the hunter will remain, forever on their tail.

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Something had to give.

Eleven ran through the old, worn hallways of an abandoned hospital, wearing nothing more than a tattered, bloodied gown. In the darkness, there was a sound. A low wail, echoing and multi-toned. It wasn't the Shades, not when it was this sort of noise. It was different, almost like the sound of static. Faint, blurry, but unnaturally eerie in the semi-darkness of the fog-laden world. She hunkered low, then, when movement cut through the dense fog.

She held her breath, one hand pressed against pale, thin lips. She watched the large, hunkering beast as it moved. She heard it breathing, saw its tongue flicking out of its elongated mouth to taste the air. Along the edges of the stone room, the Shades came closer. They swayed side-to-side, like ghosts drifting through the mist. One glided over her hiding spot, footless body stirring the rotten wood shielding her from sight.

*'I have to get out,'* Eleven lowered herself onto the ground, crept across the soggy earth. Stinking mud oozed between her fingers, a deep green hint mixing with natural brown as it pushed its way through the cracked, stone floor. She fought the urge to gag, tried to imagine herself back into the Tank. Tried to feel the clean, fake air wafting across her face. Eleven tried to hear Father's thoughts, tried to reach for the minds of his white-clad helper. *'Daddy, I'm scared. What if I can't get out? What if I'm stuck here?'*

Her reaching mind found nothing, nothing but the dark swirls of hungry souls. The hulking monster sniffing the air stilled, lifted its head. Sightless eyes stared forward, unmoving, as it sniffed the air. It turned, nostrils flaring. The Shades had stilled, each looking like an apparition of a hanged man as they hovered midair. The hulking beast turned, sightless gaze falling on her.

Eleven didn't dare breathe, not even as it started to move. *'Run. I have*

*to run!"*

Her legs refused to listen, muscles locked as her eyes began to burn. When its claw smashed through the wooden crates around her, a scream came loose. Eleven threw herself to the side, hit the ground. Kicking off the floor, she dunked under a reaching Shade's grasp and barreled through a half-open door. The wood shattered upon impact, splintering as her slight form connected to the fragile, rotting wood.

She didn't stop, lungs burning as she ran through the twisting corridors. In the distance was the elevator, doors open wide as if to welcome her in. She veered off to the right, pushed her way into the stairwell. She took the stairs several at a time, listened as the door below slammed into the wall on the other side of the narrow, winding stairwell. A roar cut through the air, and then the ground was rumbling.

Eleven didn't know how long she ran, only knew that she was out of the building and in the woods. She paid no heed to the blurring surroundings, eyes wide and frantic as she searched for an out. Then she saw it, a glimmer of light cutting through the stones of an old watch tower like a stain on a wall. She slammed into it, clawed at the sticky filament. Pushed her way deeper, felt light suddenly bathing her face as she fell through. Behind her, in the portal, stood the monster. It hunkered there, inches from her, but made no move to step out of the shadows.

The young girl heaved a breath, rolled over, and crawled. After a time, she rose to her feet. Then she ran.

Eleven didn't turn back. She fled deeper into the woods, bare feet finding nothing but soft moss. She ran, knowing she was hunted.